

TRAIN KILLS SIX AT CROSSING

FIVE BORN ALIVE ON PILOT A QUARTER OF A MILE.

Young Folks From Spring Valley Run Down While Driving From Nyack—Three of the Dead Girls—One More Likely to Die—Railroad Men Blame Driver.

A carryall containing five men and four women who were on their way home to Spring Valley after having attended a basketball game in Nyack was hit by the Ontario and Western Mountain Express at the West Nyack crossing early yesterday morning. Four of the party were killed outright and two died later. The other three are in the North Hudson Hospital in Weehawken, and it is likely that at least one of them will die. The dead are:

MAY, NELSON, 22, the driver.  
PALMER, JEANETTE, 20, daughter of P. B. Palmer, the Valley Spring drugist.  
REITH, GEORGE, 20, manager of the Valley Spring basketball team and of the local telephone company.  
SINGER, BERTHA, 19, daughter of Leonard Singer, a stone mason.  
SINGER, EDITH, 20, sister of the above.  
SILVER, GEORGE, 35, a carpenter and a member of the basketball team.

The injured are Warren Palmer, 28 years old, whose sister was killed; Henry Dietterlein, 21 years old, a shipping clerk for a New York wine house, and Edith Bird, daughter of Mrs. Washington Bird, a widow. Palmer and Dietterlein were also members of the team which had met the Nyack five. Dietterlein is the most seriously injured. His spine is affected and he is suffering from internal injuries. One of Miss Bird's arms was broken and both she and Palmer sustained internal injuries and scalp wounds.

The carryall with its party of eight and the driver left the Nyack Opera House a few minutes after midnight. The Valley Spring boys had been beaten in the inter-county contest 32 to 3, but there had been a dance in the opera house after the game and all of the Valley Spring folks had forgotten the defeat in the good time that followed. There was a second stageload of Valley Spring rosters, but that one didn't leave until about fifteen minutes after the carryall, and the occupants of it were all men.

The carryall was a side seat affair. Bertha Singer, Reith, the manager of the team, and the driver sat in front. The others sat three on each side. Heavy cloth curtains buttoned at the bottom closed in the sides and the rear.

The Nyack turnpike crosses the West Shore road, over which the Ontario and Western runs its trains from Cornwall, within fifty feet of the West Nyack station. The travel on the turnpike is heavy and a flagman is always stationed at the crossing, which is further protected by gates.

Edward Kaufman was the flagman on duty early yesterday morning. According to the statements which he made to the Coroner after the accident he had lowered the gates, as was his custom, shortly before 12 o'clock. He had seated himself in the flag station then and eaten his luncheon.

After that he went over to the station to fix the fire, which was part of his regular night duty. It was while he was in the station poking the fire that he heard the train rush past the station and then the crash as it hit the vehicle.

The Mountain Express is one of the Ontario and Western's through trains. It was due at West Nyack, southbound, at 12 o'clock, but it was 12:40 when it came through. Railroad men estimated that it was making between sixty and sixty-five miles an hour when it hit the carryall.

As the flagman remembers it, there wasn't a sound save the cracking of the wooden vehicle. The big motor engine was apparently up to it almost before those inside had an opportunity to appreciate their danger. The blow had been so sudden that all were unconscious.

The train ran on for a quarter of a mile with the brakes grinding fire from the wheels before the engineer could bring it to a standstill. The engineer himself said he didn't realize for a moment what he had hit, but it was only for a moment, for there was evidence enough when he peered out of the cab window again after applying the brakes. Part of the carryall was being carried along on the pilot, and the engine and women's clothing could be seen fluttering from the wreckage.

The engineer, whose name is Turner, jumped down from his cab the instant the train stopped and, followed by his fireman, hurried to the front of the big engine. The engineer himself started the rescue work, while the fireman quickly called the rest of the train crew. Some of the passengers also tumbled out and helped. There were five of the victims pinned down by the wreckage on the pilot. They were Miss Palmer, Henry Dietterlein, Warren Palmer, George Silin and Miss Bird. Singularly enough, every one of the victims carried along in this perilous position for a quarter of a mile was alive when help came. The four others who had been pitched to one side of the track, were killed instantly.

The train crew had a good deal of trouble removing the wrecked carryall from the pilot. The force of the blow had been so great that pieces of the wood had been driven in between the pilot bars and the whole thing was held fast. Apparently the engine had hit the carryall just behind the front wheel. It had torn the big vehicle in two and the rear part was the one carried along on the pilot. Big dents in the ties, made apparently by some piece of iron that was dragging from the wrecked carryall as it was borne along by the engine, were evidence of the severity with which the wreckage was held.

It was about half an hour after the accident before the nose of the engine had been cleaned. The wounded as fast as they were removed were carried to the baggage car, where beds of cushions and pillows had been improvised. One of the train crew had gone through the passenger cars calling for doctors and nurses, but one woman nurse was the only person found with expert knowledge. She practically took charge of the baggage car hospital, but most of her attention was directed to Miss Bird and Miss Palmer. Other passengers and members of the crew did what they could for the three men.

While the train crew and others had been carrying on the rescue work a quarter of a

LOCAL OPTION IN CHURCH.

Morristown Pastor Criticized for Putting Question to Vote on Sunday.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Feb. 23.—The passage of resolutions at the service of the First Baptist Church this morning advocating the passage of the local option bill by the Legislature caused a lively exchange of opinions between members of the church. The Rev. Oliver C. Horsman, the pastor, read the resolutions and immediately called for a vote. Almost everybody voted for the adoption. When he called for a negative vote a deacon got up and said he was against the resolutions because he thought their passage at that time was a mistake. He was followed by a trustee who jumped up and shouted:

"This is a church, not a political meeting. I vote no."

The resolutions place the church on record as in favor of the bill and opposed to its being sidetracked in favor of any other reform measure, however good. In a discussion that followed the service the pastor was assailed for presenting the resolutions while presiding and for not giving an opportunity to those opposed to present their reasons before voting.

"At a meeting during the week and discuss such matters," said one member. "Sunday morning is no time for play."

A friend of Mr. Horsman asserted that the pastor had a right to talk on any reform movement on Sunday or any other day.

NO STAGE KISS THIS.

But on Public View, Nevertheless, for the Shade Was Up.

Whether it is that persons resident in Harlem are not now accustomed to kiss, on a sort of analogy that the electric car has replaced the bus, or whatever be the reason, the sight of two persons engaged in exercising the art of osculation attracted a great crowd in a Harlem street about 7 o'clock last night. As the persons, male and female, are to be nameless, so will might be the name of the hotel and its exact location, save to remark that it is on 125th street, and so also were the persons at the time of the kiss, and afterward, on the third floor, two windows to the south from the avenue corner.

It was a long kiss, this, although no official time was taken. The curtain of the window to this room was up when it began and that is how Harlem became aware that a kiss was in its midst. One by one, as crowds do, a crowd gathered in a street below. Every variety of Harlem wit was ventured as the size and proportions of this kiss became momentarily more of record magnitude. Eventually after the kiss was over, about a hundred or so and the kiss was continuing with no signs of losing strength some one bethought himself of letting the hotel office know.

An involved telephone message, with hints of the Soul Kiss, Olga Netherlands and the like not inobvious remarks, puzzled the clerk, who did make out that something was toward on the third floor that was not as it should be. So up went a haliboy and down came the shade. Estimated time of kiss, about eighteen minutes.

Some time after the curtain had been pulled down a minister, as he said he was, called up the hotel on the telephone to say that he had been passing at the time the curtain was up and didn't think it at all a nice public exhibition on a Sunday.

ARMED MAN FOUND MURDERED.

Body Lay Where a Girl Had Been Threatened by a Masked Man.

An Italian girl walking on the railroad track from Kensico Cemetery to Valhalla on her way to Sunday school yesterday afternoon passed a man with a red handkerchief around his throat and a mask over his eyes just about a mile from Valhalla. The man spoke to her in Italian and what he said frightened her so that she ran away.

SPORT AMONG THE ICEBERGS

FRESH MEAT WHEN THE SKIPPER BAGGED A POLAR BEAR.

But the Mate Took First Prize When a Berg Turned Tumble With Him and He Tumbled Into the Hunt of the Forestry and Begged Pardon.

Through the short-hand expert of the combination of the ultramarine reporters were able yesterday to enter in their log a few remarkable adventures that befell the good Gloucester fishing schooner Oregon, in yesterday by way of the Sound and East River with a cargo of frosted herring from Bay of Islands, Newfoundland. The adventures did not occur on the trip from Newfoundland, which, barring a stab in a thick snow-storm at the Brenton's Reef lightship, was placid as you please. The lightship just missed a ramming, but Capt. Albert Flygon's man at the wheel got the schooner's helm hard over just in the nick of time.

It was before she got to Newfoundland to get the herring that the Oregon had things happen to her, as faithfully and stenographically reproduced. She was fishing for halibut, sometimes with lines dangling in 300 fathoms of icy water. For days the crew had been living on fish, canned goods and salt horse and they were longing for beefsteak. The schooner was weaving in and out among a fleet of tall bergs when Capt. Flygon sighted a white bear on one of the biggest. He has a shotgun, a single-barrelled piece, and he went down in the cabin and brought it up, saying, "Boys, we're going to have bear steak for dinner."

He holds his own slugs for this gun. They are of brass and never have been known to miss. The helmsman put the schooner close alongside the berg and the skipper blazed away. The bear toppled over, his spinal column severed just south of the neck.

The yawl put off and brought the bear aboard the Oregon. The men wanted to cut up the carcass in an unscientific way, but the skipper would not let them, knowing that a perfect bear skin would be under such peculiar conditions would be valuable. In fact, the skipper says, he refused to sell it to a fur company that offered him \$500 for it and now has it at his home in Gloucester. At any rate he didn't show it here.

The men liked the bear steak very much and the ship sailed on and away from the iceberg fleet. Many days passed and the fresh water supply gave out. The skipper had no distilling apparatus and they depended on the snow for a time. They were two days without fresh snow when another berg was sighted. The skipper decided to chop a few hundred pounds of ice from the berg.

The schooner hove to as close to the base of the berg, which was 200 feet tall, as he dared to go, the yawl was launched and Mate Ed Hansen and a party of four men boarded the berg and went to chopping ice. The mate is an venturesome fellow, and after the yawl had been loaded down he told the crew to shove off a bit and return for him later, as he was going to the top of the berg to make an observation. He was about half way up the berg when a piece of it about as big as the moon Fulton Market fell off into the sea. The berg instantly began to turn turtle and the mate to turn somersaults in his efforts to keep afloat.

He was like an acrobat on a barrel rolling under him. Fortunately the rolling of the berg was not so swift as the motion of the mate in heading against the roll.

At last the berg settled. But between the mate and the sea were his astounded shipmates were there was a slippery slide of several hundred feet at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. Crawling down was impossible and the mate had to slide. He wore oilskins, and they protected him a bit as well as expediting him. The Oregon was hove to directly opposite the mate's position, with forestry sailing to the wind. The mate left the edge of the berg with great speed and it was observed that the seat of his trousers was missing. He headed directly for the forestry and landed in it like a projectile in a canvas target in a crack Yankee battleship. And the remarkable part of it was that he still held his hatchet in his hand.

The shock of the impact set the schooner going before the wind and the mate climbed out and apologized for his abruptness in coming aboard.

AUTOS COLLIDE HEAD ON.

Woman in Dr. Van Schaick's Car Badly Hurt at New Rochelle.

MOUNT VERNON, Feb. 23.—An automobile, driven by Dr. George G. Van Schaick of 23 West Thirty-seventh street, Manhattan, collided with a machine in which was M. M. Lorrain of Davenport's Neck, New Rochelle, while both were travelling at a rapid rate near country estate of Supreme Court Justice Knapp, on Pelham road, New Rochelle, this afternoon. The worst hurt of the party was a woman in Dr. Van Schaick's car, whose face was cut by flying glass and several of whose teeth were knocked out. She and her husband, Dr. Van Schaick said to-night, were with him on the ride.

Mr. Lorrain was returning from the New York Athletic Club on Travers Island to his home. Dr. Van Schaick was travelling toward Manhattan. The cars came together on a curve. Dr. Van Schaick and Mr. Lorrain's chauffeur reversed their power and jammed on their emergency brakes, but in the collision the radiators, wind protectors and lamps of both machines were smashed.

The woman who was hurt was taken to the home of a Pelham road resident and later returned to New York by train. The other passengers of the cars escaped with a bad shaking up.

PLANNING ANTI-TRUST LAWS.

Conference of Attorney-Generals May Bring Forth Some New Ones.

AUSTIN, Tex., Feb. 23.—The anti-trust conference of the Attorney-Generals of Missouri, Kansas and Texas, which began here last Friday, will continue two or three days.

In addition to arranging suits against corporations the matter of recommending to Legislatures measures against trusts is being considered. They will recommend that the Legislature of the several States be urged to pass laws that will permit judgments against foreign corporations to be filed as liens against them in States in which they have their domiciles.

SZECHENYI IN LONDON.

Met by Alfred Vanderbilt and the Duchess of Marlborough.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. LONDON, Feb. 23.—Count and Countess Laszlo Szechenyi arrived here this afternoon. They are staying at Claridge's Hotel, where the arrival of twenty-two pieces of baggage, several of them being boxes five feet high, caused commotion.

During the voyage from New York the couple associated only with the members of their own party. Alfred G. Vanderbilt met them at Plymouth and the Duchess of Marlborough met them at the station in London.

The change in the plans of the Count and Countess in coming to London instead of going to Paris was due to the Countess changing her mind when in mid-ocean, deciding to spend a week in London before starting for her new home. Although the couple were entered on the ship's passenger list as Mr. and Mrs. Brown their identity was soon discovered. During the voyage they were only once seen in public, then attending the concert in the saloon on Friday.

They dined with the Duchess of Marlborough at Sunderland House this evening.

AUSTRALIA EAGER FOR FLEET.

Its Appearance Marks an Era in Pacific—Cordial Reception Promised.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN. MELBOURNE, Feb. 23.—In connection with the invitation to the American battleship fleet to visit Australia Prime Minister Deakin has made the following statement: "The Federal Government, realizing the significance of the visit of the United States fleet to the Pacific and the importance as regards future developments of the appearance of such a great body of warships, decided in December to send a cordial invitation to President Roosevelt inviting the presence of the fleet at the principal Australian seaports."

"If the invitation is accepted the receptions given to the fleet at Rio de Janeiro and Callao will be eclipsed in Australia. A visit by the fleet would mark a new era in the history of this part of the world."

CONDEMNED BY ARCHBISHOP.

Certain Pretended Priests Who Get Up Dances and Solicit Money.

A letter was read in the Roman Catholic churches of the city yesterday from Archbishop Manning warning the parishioners against certain persons who are soliciting money in this diocese. It reads in part as follows:

"It has recently come to our knowledge that persons from outside the diocese calling themselves clergymen, or brothers of a religious order, are soliciting throughout this city without any permission from the diocesan authorities funds for supposedly religious purposes, about which we have received no intimation from their Bishops."

"We have learned also that those clerics and brothers have been organizing dances in public halls of this city to which they invite Catholic women and charge for admission. On the occasion of these dances no restraint is placed upon those who attend and arrangements are being made for other gatherings in the near future."

"This abuse has become so serious a scandal that we are forced to order a public denunciation of it in all churches. We therefore cannot tolerate persons from outside dioceses of whom we know nothing coming to this city and flagrantly violating the statute of the council, to the scandal and injury of souls."

SHOT HIMSELF FOR AN ACTRESS.

Young Man Tries Suicide When Told That His Loving Was Vain.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 23.—Almost at the moment of his separation from Agnes Williamson, an actress, who refused his further attentions, Frederick G. Brinnier of Kingston, N. Y., attempted suicide today by shooting himself in the stomach in his room in the Irving apartment house. At the Jefferson Hospital it was said to-night that Brinnier's condition is critical. Miss Williamson is a member of the "Big Stick" company, which played last week at the Grand Opera House. Miss Williamson, with other members of the company, was preparing to leave for New York when Brinnier shot himself. Miss Williamson had told Brinnier only a few minutes before that while she liked him she could not love him and appealed to him to cease his ardent wooing.

PRIEST MURDERED AT ALTAR

ANARCHIST FIRES FATAL SHOT WHILE TAKING SACRAMENT.

Had No Personal Enmity for Victim, but Killed Him Merely Because He Was a Priest—Glories in His Deed, and Sorry He Couldn't Kill All the Priests.

DENVER, Feb. 23.—Father Leo Heinrichs, pastor of St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church, was shot dead at the altar at 8 o'clock this morning as he was administering the sacrament to Alo Giuseppe, an Italian anarchist.

Father Leo placed the sacrament on the man's tongue and he pretended to swallow it, but a moment later spat it out with an expression of disgust, drew a revolver and shot the priest, who spoke only once before dying.

The assassin then fled but was caught as he reached the church door by a street car conductor and a policeman. He tried to shoot both of them but failed and was clutched into submission.

Giuseppe was among the earliest to arrive at the church and hurried to the altar soon after entering. He has made a statement, glorying in his act. He said:

"I just went over there because I have a grudge against all priests in general. They are all against the workingman. I went to the communion rail because I could get a better shot. I did not give a damn whether he was a German priest or any other kind of a priest. They are all in the same class. I am an anarchist, by God, and I am proud of it. I shot him, and my only regret is that I couldn't have shot the whole damned bunch of priests in all the churches."

Giuseppe was locked up in the county jail. Soon news of the murder spread through the city and angry men began to gather about the jail. There were free threats of lynching, and to-night the danger of mob violence became so apparent that the Sheriff and a party of deputies took the prisoner from jail secretly and took him to Colorado Springs for safe-keeping.

PATERSON, N. J., Feb. 23.—News of the murder of the Rev. Father Leo Heinrichs, Order of Franciscan Monks, who was shot to-day by an Italian anarchist while he was officiating at mass in a church in Denver, was received by the Rev. Father Edward Bleake, provincial of the order, at St. Bonaventure monastery, in this city, that being the father house of the organization in this country.

Father Leo was born in Germany, August 15, 1867, in the diocese of Cologne. When Bismarck drove the monastic orders from Germany Father Leo came to America and entered the order at St. Bonaventure in this city on December 1, 1886. He made simple profession December 8, 1887, and took the solemn vow of poverty, charity and obedience on December 8, 1890. He was ordained priest by the late Bishop of the Newark diocese, the Right Rev. Winand Michael Wigger, July 26, 1891.

Father Leo labored for many years as assistant pastor of St. Bonaventure, saying mass at Rockaway, N. J., on Sunday. From 1897 till 1902 he ministered to the parish of Singa, a suburb of Paterson, at the same time he was raised to the office of Vicar of St. Bonaventure and made a director of the third order. In the autumn of 1902 he was sent to be pastor of St. Stephen's Church, Creggan, N. J., where on July 2, 1902, the church school, sister's house and monastery were destroyed by fire.

Within two years Father Leo had restored the buildings and put the parish on its feet. In July, 1904, Father Leo returned to Paterson and was made pastor of St. Bonaventure, serving until September, 1907. He was then transferred to Denver as pastor of St. Elizabeth's Church. He entered upon his duties there on September 28, 1907.

The news of Father Leo's death was received at the monastery in this city with calm joy. "Would that I had been in his place," said the provincial. "What greater reward can come to a monk than to die in God's service and thereby attain to a martyr's crown?"

DANIEL WEBSTER NO. 2.

Luther B. Little Astounds a Bunch of Granite States With Eloquence.

Luther B. Little, secretary and treasurer of the Republican State committee, is now known as Dan Webster No. 2. Perhaps he hasn't the forensic talents of the great Daniel, but in another way he has earned the name.

At the recent dinner of the New Hampshire Society the dinner committee at the last moment was shy of speakers. W. E. Chandler and others couldn't come, and Mr. Little, a loyal son of the State, was drafted. He made a speech of rounded periods and swelling sentences.

The 200 New Hampshire feasters were either dazed, dumb or—well, never mind—but never a hand did Mr. Little get. Impenetrable silence was his portion from start to finish, and not till the end did he have his revenge. He then announced:

"Gentlemen, I have repeated to you word for word the great speech of Daniel Webster, our greatest son, at the New Hampshire festival held in Boston in November, 1890, and not a mother's son of New Hampshire here has recognized a word of it."

Then came the yells and shouts of laughter, and from that hour Mr. Little has been known as Daniel Webster No. 2.

SHOT FOR HANGING AROUND.

Boy Wounded Seriously by New Jersey Central Ticket Agent.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Feb. 23.—Louis Mulford, 18 years old, was shot in the side this afternoon by Clarence Drake, the New Jersey Central ticket agent in Plainfield. Mulford's condition is serious. Drake was arrested.

"According to the agent Mulford continually was loitering about the station. This afternoon he walked into the ticket office and Drake in attempting to put him out grabbed a revolver, which he says was accidentally discharged. He says he intended merely to frighten Mulford."

Perry's Dogs Killing Game in Maine.

AUSTRIA, M. Feb. 23.—Commander Perry has been notified that some of his Esquimaux dogs have escaped, presumably on the ice, from confinement on the island in Cacao Bay and are running at large, killing deer and other game and laying themselves liable to be shot.

THE POSTAL LIMITS.

Famous Five-hour All Pullman Train for Baltimore and Washington, leaves New York daily, Liberty Bell, 4 P. M., 24th St., 9th car, C. & N. Y. and Baltimore, and Ohio—Ad.

EDISON IN HOSPITAL.

Was Operated on Last Night for Mastoid Disease.

Thomas A. Edison is in the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital where he was operated on last night for mastoiditis. Dr. Arthur B. Duell, his physician, performed the operation. Mrs. Edison is with her husband at the hospital. Mr. Edison has been operated on before for the same trouble. Dr. Duell made this statement:

"Following a consultation on Mr. Edison's case I opened an acute abscess in the middle ear. The operation was not serious, and while complications are always possible, I expect none and look for a prompt recovery. Mr. Edison should be out of the hospital in a few days. His condition following the operation is all that could be desired."

WON'T SHOOT AT THE FLAG.

Confederate Guards Refuse to Play in Sham Battle If Opponents Carry Stars and Stripes.

DALLAS, Tex., Feb. 23.—For several weeks arrangements for a sham battle on March 10 at the National Fat Stock Show in Fort Worth have been in progress. The participants are to be the Confederate Guard of Dallas, an organization of soldiers of the South in the war between the States and an army made up of Texas national guardsmen.

The final meeting for arrangements was held last night. Capt. Daniel of the Confederate Guard announced that his command would not participate if the militia-men used the American flag.

"Under no circumstances will we fire on the Stars and Stripes, not even in a sham battle," declared Capt. Daniel. "We stopped doing that in 1865."

Rather than have the sham battle abandoned the managers of the event decided to have the national guardsmen use some other set of colors.

The Confederate Guard will carry the flag of the Southern Confederacy in the mimic conflict.

BILLY SUNDAY THREATENED.

Detective Guards Famous Baseball Evangelist During Deceitful Crusade.

DECATUR, Ill., Feb. 23.—So many threatening letters have been received by the Rev. Billy Sunday, who is conducting a five weeks religious revival here preliminary to the local option campaign in April, that the local pastors' association has employed a detective to watch over the evangelist, guard him to and from meetings and watch the house he occupies.

In his leisure moments the detective will look for violations of the Sunday liquor law and laws against gambling. It is reported that he has got much evidence of such violations.

Twelve of the city churches have united in the meetings being held by Sunday in a tabernacle holding 8,000 persons. The purpose is to "clean up" the city, vote out saloons in the April election, stop gambling and make Decatur a moral town.

As far as the police could learn last night, no one accompanied Cella from the restaurant on his way home and the hours before 11 o'clock and 1 o'clock, when the wine merchant was found dying on the floor of his office, cannot be accounted for.

GOLD ON VANCOUVER ISLAND.

Rich Find Said to Have Been Made in Sands on Sidney Inlet.

VICTORIA, B. C., Feb. 23.—If news brought here to-night proves correct Vancouver Island will see a stampedie this summer unequalled since the days of the Klondike gold rush. In Beach Sands, on Wreck Bay, at Sidney Inlet, on the west coast, a bank of sand 100 feet high has been found wondrously rich in gold.

Walter Miles, an old time miner of Colorado and Yukon, has just had numerous samples assayed and the results are said to be sufficient to justify the wildest hope. The sands pan out 5 to 15 cents a pan and the yield varies from \$43.20 to \$104.40 a ton. On being furnished with the assay figures Miles staked out eight claims.

"In all my experience in Colorado and Yukon I have never known this equalled," said he. "Near Beach Sands there is a plentiful supply of water and every natural circumstance is favorable to cleaning up gold."

CHURCH GOT BAD COIN.

Holy Name Contributors Must Make Their Own Change.

In the collection of seat offerings at the Church of the Holy Name in Brooklyn it has been the custom to make change for persons who handed the collector more than the amount required, which usually is from 5 to 10 cents.

The priests now announce that hereafter contributors will have to make their own change because some persons have been palming off counterfeit money on the church and getting good American coin in return.

Marty Keese III.

Marty Keese, the veteran keeper of the City Hall, is seriously ill of bronchitis. He is 71 years old.

POISONED AND SKULL BROKEN

MURDER HID BEHIND PLANNED APPEARANCE OF SUICIDE.

Gerolamo Cella Found Dying in Office After Taking Steps to Change His Will—Police Hold His Brother and Stepson—Poison Used to Vell a Crime.

Gerolamo Cella, one of the partners in the firm of Cella Bros., importers of wines and wholesale groceries at 528 and 530 West Broadway, went to a lawyer on Saturday to get advice on the matter of changing his will. He said at the time that he was going away from home, never to come back. At 1 o'clock yesterday morning he was found by his brother, Domenico Cella, lying in a heap on the floor of his darkened office in the West Broadway store with his skull fractured by a blow from a hammer, his throat bruised by the marks of fingers and an empty vial which had contained concentrated sulphuric acid on a table beside him.

When the police were called in by Domenico Cella they accepted the case as one of suicide, persuaded, as they were, by a letter, believed to be in the handwriting of Gerolamo Cella and signed with his name, which said that the writer was going to kill himself. Later Coroner Harburger learned some things which convinced him that murder had been done. The police, making a rapid change of front, arrested Domenico Cella first as a material witness and later rearrested him as a suspicious person. They also held Cesare Bianchi, a stepson of the dead man, as a witness.

Coroner Harburger was supported in his belief that Gerolamo Cella had been murdered by the opinion of two doctors and evidence of an unusual character in the office of the West Broadway store. Coroner's Physician Schultz, after making an autopsy on the body, declared that there was enough poison in the stomach to kill three men and that no man after taking that much concentrated sulphuric acid could have had the strength to dent in his skull to the depth of an inch with a hammer. Equally impossible was it, said Dr. Schultz, and his opinion was corroborated by Dr. Murphy, an ambulance surgeon of St. Vincent's Hospital, for any one to have dealt himself such a blow with a hammer and then to have swallowed the acid afterward.

Aside from the fractured skull and the poison in the dead man's stomach, there was a broad trail of blood twenty feet long in the office where the body was found and the marks on Cella's throat and wrist. Gerolamo Cella lived with his wife on the top floor of a tenement building which he owned at 35 and 27 Wooster street, the lower floor of which is occupied by a confectionery factory owned by his stepson, Bianchi. Cella was considered one of the wealthiest men in the Italian colony. On Saturday night he had dinner with his wife and left his home shortly afterward in the best of spirits, according to the story she told the police yesterday, to go to Rigolotti's restaurant at 100 West Houston street to play cards with friends. His nephew by marriage, C. Razzetti, a cigar dealer on Broadway, was one of the players at the restaurant.

About 11 o'clock the card game broke up and Cella left for his home. Domenico Cella, who had been Gerolamo's partner for the last forty years, told the detectives yesterday that he had rarely known his brother to visit their office on West Broadway at night. In going from the West Houston street restaurant to his home on Wooster street Gerolamo Cella would not necessarily have to pass the store on West Broadway.

As far as the police could learn last night, no one accompanied Cella from the restaurant on his way home and the hours before 11 o'clock and 1 o'clock, when the wine merchant was found dying on the floor of his office, cannot be accounted for.

Domenico Cella, who lives at 124 West Thirtieth street, dined at Cella Bros.' restaurant, 157 Prince street, on Saturday night and passed his whole evening there. This is the story he told yesterday to the detectives.

He started to go to his home shortly before 1 o'clock and walked up West Broadway. When he reached the store, just above the corner of Bleeker street, he noticed that the padlock was off